

News Boy's Annual Address

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

NEW DOMINION

AND TRUE HUMORIST.

Once more the News Boy goes his round,
To make his yearly reckonings square;
Faithful and careful he's been found,
Your pleasure always was his care.
You know he's a TRUE HUMORIST boy;
And though he ne'er does things by halves,
By quarters you can give him joy—
Give him the joy his pocket craves.

Ye merry men and beaming maids,
Come all and listen to my lay;
I sing to you of weighty things,
For sixty-eight has passed away.
A year doth like a lightning bolt,
Though wild the waves, though tempests roar,
With countless strokes he cuts his way so
Until at length his course is o'er.
A year's a filler of mankind;
Of human woe he takes his pick;
With mighty blows he hews us down,
And then, at length, he cuts his stick.
But yet he ne'er serves all alike,
He upsets those, but sets up those—
Though every one his nose has blown,
A few have never known his blows.
Australia (how was it), and thought
Treason did once her guest afflict—
The Prince soon called a little paler,
The Penitents the basket kicked.
A shocking year was sixty-eight!
Poor little innocent the earthquake's
work.
Even California felt the shock,
But no great shakes occurred in Cork.
The Atlantic now is filled
With torpedoes, and the game
Which gave to England her last
Prowl to the world he was a
The British flag has been hoisted
The world's eyes were all turned
Nepher the prince of the sea
A vessel to King Thunders!
The Queen of Spain has not been
Since then, and by her punishment
Her sword's soft touch has been
And her most precious
John Bull—Wah! Hullo! been well
The strongest man, strong
Hays right on the coast of a man,
Willowed battle on the hardest Mer in
Though there's a little of the
Of some, and some of the
Went to the
Lamented
Branche, and the
The British flag was hoisted, and so

With forward minds they backward tread
And Dixie tumbled down below.
The Irish Church is doomed, for though
'Twas said that *Seven* cannot believe,
In Ireland *Seven*'s loved the best,
Her *Sees* have been but *sees* of grief.
Our New Dominion marches on
In peace, her *eyes* behind her flung,
No ill she dreads, her strength's renewed,
For with her sister she's got *Young*.
Yet Canada, though sailing high,
Has sometimes felt misfortunes sore;
The savage brims who struck *McGee*
Wring from our hearts the *greatest* roar.
The Paris crew at Springfield crowded,
But still their courtesy was felt;
Our boys the *Wards* a *betting* gave,
But won themselves the champion belt.
In triumph they were welcomed home;
And here we wondered at their fate—
At Springfield they had rowed the
Wards,
But in St. John they rode the streets,
The fall came on and with it fell
Confusion and all smiles and ranks;
The cry of ruin and despair
Arose from our New Dominion's banks.
St. John's Bank has sunk much tin,
Yet faith in its good name restored,
Another Bank had *seventy* too,
But *seventy* *hitting* it was floundered!
The *seventy* had *seventy* the sale,
Detailed the *seventy* without gloves;
The *seventy* played *seventy* with *seventy*,
The *seventy* was *seventy* *seventy* loved.
Whoever *seventy* had *seventy* could
Wing *seventy* and *seventy* class,
Though till a *seventy* he had much lack,
Toss and by *seventy* and *seventy*.
Even *seventy* had reached the *seventy* banks
Where *seventy* *seventy*, like *seventy*
He tried to *seventy* the *seventy*, but *seventy*
Have *seventy* the *seventy* *seventy* *seventy*
Our *seventy* *seventy* *seventy* *seventy* *seventy*
To *seventy* *seventy* *seventy* *seventy* *seventy*
A *seventy* *seventy* *seventy* *seventy* *seventy*
When *seventy* *seventy* *seventy* *seventy* *seventy*